

Production No. 8F11

The Simpsons

"Radio Bart"

Written by

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TABLE DRAFT

Date 6/12/91

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"RADIO BART"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN.....HANK AZARIA
MARTIN.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MAYOR QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
EDDIE.....HARRY SHEARER
LOU.....HANK AZARIA
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
KRUSTY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
APU.....HANK AZARIA
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA

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JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
REVEREND LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER
M.C.....HARRY SHEARER
TV ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER
BOY.....PAMELA HAYDEN
TEENAGER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
TEENAGE CLERK.....HANK AZARIA
BARBER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
WEASEL.....HANK AZARIA
ROBOT WEASEL.....HARRY SHEARER
SENOR BEAVER-OTTI.....DAN CASTELLANETA
OLD LADY #1.....YEARDLEY SMITH
D.J.....HARRY SHEARER
DAVE SHUTTON.....HARRY SHEARER
POLITICIAN.....HARRY SHEARER
MAN.....HANK AZARIA
ANOTHER MAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
TEENAGE EMPLOYEE.....HARRY SHEARER
ROD.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
TODD.....PAMELA HAYDEN
FALCON MAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
PROFESSOR FRINK.....HANK AZARIA
SAILOR.....HARRY SHEARER

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PROFESSOR BEAUREGARD....HARRY SHEARER
SPORTSCASTER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SOUVENIR HAWKER.....HANK AZARIA
BERNARD.....HARRY SHEARER
STATION ANNOUNCER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARVIN MONORE.....HARRY SHEARER
HITCHHIKER.....HARRY SHEARER
MC BAIN.....HARRY SHEARER
MEL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
GUY.....HANK AZARIA

"Radio Bart"

By

Jon Vitti

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LISA is dancing and in front of the TV to a grinding **GUITAR RIFF**. HOMER walks past the doorway, then notices Lisa.

HOMER

Heh, heh, heh. Daddy's little
ballerina.

Imitating the TV, Lisa swivels her hips sinuously.

HOMER

(SHOCKED) Hey! Stop that... that...

Stuck for the word, Homer imitates her hip thrusts.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Where in God's name did you learn
that kind of... (NOTICES TV; AROUSED)
daaaanncciinng!

On the TV screen, the dance show features lots of floor-level shots of undulating TEENAGE GIRLS. Homer stares at the screen, open-mouthed. A CLOSE UP of his eyes shows the reflection of a dancing GIRL.

LISA

Dad, I was wondering... could I have
some money to buy Bart a birthday
present?

HOMER

(MESMERIZED) Sure, Lisa.

He takes out his wallet and hands Lisa over a hundred dollars, along with some lottery tickets and grocery receipts. Lisa sticks her head between Homer's face and the TV screen.

LISA

Dad, this is a hundred and ten dollars.

HOMER

(OBLIVIOUS) Oh, sorry.

He hands her more money.

ON TV

On screen a Don Cornelius type M.C. comes on.

M.C.

We'd like to thank Funky C Funky Do for coming to lip sync their latest hit. And we'll be right back after these important communications.

A commercial from the '70's comes on. The film is scratchy and pops a little. A BOY sits forlornly in front of his television while other KIDS play happily outside his window.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Hey kids! Why sit in front of the TV, when you can be on the radio!?

With a magical **PING** (and an obvious stop-motion video effect), a microphone appears in the boy's hand and the TV turns into a cheap-looking AM radio. The boy is amazed and delighted.

SMASH CUT TO:

The boy **SINGING** into the microphone. His voice comes out the radio. The other kids are now in the room, dancing wildly.

BOY

(SINGING) And later that night/ When
his lights went out of sight/ Came
the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald!

ON HOMER

Looking impressed.

HOMER

That could be Bart!

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Throw away your bulky transmitters
and broadcasting towers...

The commercial shows a radio transmitter being tossed into a kitchen wastebasket. The hands dust themselves off in a "Good Riddance" gesture. A picture of a broadcast tower has a flashing "X" superimposed.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O. CONT'D)

The StarMaker celebrity microphone
lets you hear your voice through any
AM radio -- just like your favorite
AM radio stars!

The scene shifts to a TEENAGER with long hair driving in a convertible with several other BOYS. He talks through the car radio to two teenage GIRLS walking on the sidewalk.

TEENAGER

Hey good lookin', we'll be back to
pick you up later.

The girls **GIGGLE**. The car drives away.

HOMER

(ADMIRING WHISTLE) He's in for some
lovin'.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Order now, supply is limited.

HOMER

(GASPS) Limited?!

Homer dials the phone.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Can you deliver one of
those microphones in time for my
son's birthday?... It's in six to
eight weeks... You can? Whoo hoo!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: SIX TO EIGHT WEEKS LATER

BART stands against the closet door **WHISTLING** "Happy
Birthday to me". Homer traces the squiggly top of Bart's
head and marks the line "Bart, age 10". On the TV is KRUSTY
THE CLOWN.

ON TV

KRUSTY

Okay, Sideshow Mel, bring out the
birthday cake!

MEL staggers out with a huge cake. Krusty trips him. Mel
drops the cake and falls to his hands and knees. Krusty
plants his foot on Mel's butt and pushes his face into the
cake. Mel's hair catches fire from the candles. The KIDS
CHEER.

KRUSTY (CONT'D)

Don't blame me, I didn't do it!

(LAUGHS) Hey kids, while Sideshow Mel
mops up, let's see the names of our
Krusty birthday pals for today!

Bart runs from Homer and sits in front of the TV.

BART

All right! Here comes my name!

Hundreds of names, including Bart's, whip by on the screen.

BART (CONT'D)

Wow, best eight bucks I ever spent.

MARGE enters with a plate on which eggs and bacon form a
smiling face as Bart turns off the TV and heads for the
door.

MARGE

Here's a birthday breakfast for my
special little guy.

BART

It's a nice thought, Mom. But it's
my birthday, and I'm going to get 312
dollars worth of free goods and
services.

Bart takes half the bacon and dips it into one egg yolk.
The face looks like one eye has been cut and is bleeding.
Bart runs out the door.

MONTAGE

A.) At Phineas Q. Butterfat's 5600 Flavors, Bart sits at
the breakfast counter. He wears a "Kiss Me, It's My
Birthday" button.

BART

I'm here for my free birthday sundae.

Bart points to a poster of a large sundae. The TEENAGE CLERK sets an extremely small sundae, identical in appearance to the poster, in front of him.

TEENAGE CLERK

Eat it and get out.

B.) At a barber shop, a sign in the window reads "Get a free birthday shave". Bart sits in the chair; he has shaving cream on his face.

BART

Digital audio tape, my butt! When I was a kid, we had compact discs, and I don't recall no one complaining.

BARBER

Damn right.

C.) At a tanning parlor, Bart luxuriates in the blue light. He wears an enormous pair of goggles.

D.) Bart is at a firing range. He is wearing ear muffs and is pointing a gun at a paper silhouette of a smiling man with a word balloon reading "Happy Birthday". Every shot hits the target in the head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALL E. WEASEL'S - ESTABLISHING

In front of the building a giant weasel in a chef's hat holds up a pizza. The company slogan is "We cram fun down your throat".

INT. WALL E. WEASEL'S - GAME ROOM

Bart's friends play the games and ride the rides. NELSON crawls up the Skee-Ball lane and drops his balls into the center hole. A MAN in a weasel outfit, carrying a pizza, fights his way through the KIDS, who grab at him.

KIDS

It's Wally! Hey Wally, do something
funny!

WEASEL

(HARRIED) Later, okay... hey, why
don't you go bug your parents?

Bart is standing by the video games.

BART

Cool, Larry the Looter!

He puts in a quarter. On screen, LARRY the Looter walks
past a burning overturned police car, picks up a garbage
can and throws it at a store window. The window **BREAKS** and
a **BURGLAR ALARM** rings.

BART

(CHUCKLE) All right! Stick it to the
Man.

Larry climbs into the store and starts grabbing TVs and
stereos, which turn into point values. Bart **MOANS** as
BARKING attack dogs enter the screen. He tries to fight
them off but they bring him down, ripping open his throat.
A title comes up "HIGH SCORE ENTER INITIALS". Bart **CHUCKLES**
and enters F-U- Marge passes by.

MARGE

Bart!

Bart **GRUMBLES** and enters the letter "N".

INT. WALL E. WEASEL'S - PARTY AREA

The weasel is collecting trash and sponging spilled food
off a filthy used table.

HOMER (O.S.)

(GRUNTS) Hey, buddy! Little help!

The weasel walks over to the play area, where Homer is
stuck inside a child's jet plane ride. He helps lift Homer
out.

WEASEL

Like I don't have enough to do.

HOMER

Well, why isn't there anything for
adults around here?

The weasel points to a large display of a weasel in
Oktoberfest garb holding up foaming stein of beer and the
sign "Hey Dads! Beer on tap". Homer's eyes grow wide.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(PATTING WALLY) Oooh! Nice doggie!

WEASEL

I'm a weasel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WALL E. WEASEL'S - PARTY AREA - LATER

Bart is talking to an audio-animatronic weasel who is not
looking at him as it talks.

ROBOT WEASEL

Hey there, I hear it's your birthday.
How old are you?

BART

Well, I'm --

ROBOT WEASEL

(CUTTING HIM OFF) That's great!
Would you like us to sing you a
special song?

BART

Hell, no.

ROBOT WEASEL

You got it! Ready, Senor Beaver-
otti?

SENOR BEAVER-OTTI

(ITALIAN ACCENT) I'm-a ready. And-a
one and-a two...

The beaver conductor bangs his tail on the floor. On the second tap it falls off. Sparks fly out. As the cheap audio-animatronic animals on the wall sing, **CLACKING** of their plastic parts drowns out the song.

ROBOT ANIMALS

(SINGING) You're the Birthday/ You're
the Birthday/ You're the Birthday boy
or girl.

The guy in the weasel suit runs in with a fire extinguisher and sprays the beaver's sparking tail.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WALL E. WEASEL - PARTY AREA - LATER

Bart is sitting at a table. He opens a present marked "From Aunt Patty and Aunt Selma". SELMA takes his picture. We **FLASH** and freeze frame on Bart's disappointed face.

BACK TO SCENE

BART

Whuh?

PATTY

It's a label maker.

SELMA

Mmm-hmm. We have one at home.

Before we got it I was always finding

Patty's stubble in my leg razor.

Bart makes a label reading "THIS BITES" and puts it on the label maker. A series of photos follows, showing Bart unimpressed as he opens a pair of wool socks, an etiquette book and a small cactus plant. He opens another present, a paddle with a rubber ball attached.

BART

All right!

He hits the ball once. The rubber band breaks and the ball flies off.

BART (CONT'D)

(DISAPPOINTED MOAN)

The weasel wanders over, carrying a broom and dustpan. The head from his costume is off. His face is red and sweaty.

WEASEL

Which one of you little punks took my
head?

The kids point at him and **SCREAM**.

INT. WALL E. WEASEL - PHONE BOOTH

Homer, wearing the weasel head, talks on the phone with BARNEY in his apartment.

HOMER

(A LITTLE DRUNK) Barney, you'll never
guess what I'm wearing!

BARNEY

Underwear?

HOMER

Nope. A weasel head.

Homer and Barney **LAUGH**. Homer squeezes a beer bottle into the mouth of the weasel head and tilts it back. Beer pours out the bottom of the head and down his neck. Homer **COUGHS**.

INT. WALL E. WEASEL - PARTY AREA

Bart unwraps a present marked "From Grampa". It's an 1868 Liberty head silver dollar in a coin collectors' plastic case.

BART

(TICKED OFF) One measly dollar!? I
can make that eatin' bugs.

Homer runs in, still wearing the weasel head.

HOMER

I'm back! Open my present!

The kids point at Homer and **SCREAM**. Bart opens the microphone.

BART

(UNIMPRESSED) Next.

Bart tosses the microphone aside. Homer slumps; his weasel head drops in disappointment. MARTIN hands him a beautifully wrapped present.

MARTIN

Happy birthday, Bart. I hope this
expensive gift can buy your
friendship for another year.

BART

I'm rootin' for you, Martin.

He unwraps Martin's present. It is a cap and blue blazer exactly like the ones Martin is wearing. PATTY and Selma **OOH** and **AHH**. The kids exchange dubious glances.

MARTIN

(TO BART) Now we can be twins!

Bart looks like he's been kicked in the stomach.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Bart is putting labels everywhere that read "PROPERTY OF BART SIMPSON": on the microwave, on the ceiling, on the dog's head. Homer opens the refrigerator. The only can of beer inside has one of the labels.

HOMER

(MOANS) There's only one can of beer
left and it's Bart's.

Marge sticks her head in.

MARGE

Bart, pick up the phone. Your
grandfather wants to talk to you.

BART

Aw, come on. It's my birthday.

He picks up the phone and looks bored.

BART (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE, FLATLY) Hey, Grampa...
thanks for the present.

INTERCUT

GRAMPA

You know, that coin's worth over a
hundred dollars. Hope you didn't
stick it in a gumball machine. Heh
heh.

BART

Uhhh...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS

Grampa's coin lays on the track. A train **ROARS** by. Bart and MILHOUSE run out of some nearby bushes. Bart picks the coin up. It is mostly smashed, but the Liberty head, its face stretched into a grimace, is still discernible.

MILHOUSE

Cool!

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
BACK TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Bart holds the distorted coin.

BART

No, I still got it.

Homer walks by. Bart spots him with relief.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey Grampa, Dad wants to talk to you.

He hands the phone to Homer.

HOMER

(TO BART) I'll get you for this. (ON
PHONE) How ya doin', Dad? Uh-huh...
that's too bad... well, count your
blessings. (BEAT) Not now!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM

Bart sadly looks at his birthday presents. Homer enters.

HOMER

Hey boy, how's the microphone
working?

BART

Fine.

Homer spots the microphone, still in its cellophane-wrapped box, being used to prop open a window. He opens it, indignant.

HOMER

Hey! I went to a lot of trouble to
get you this!

BART

Yeah, those 800 numbers are hell on
your dialing finger.

HOMER

(UNDER BREATH) Ungrateful...
birthday-having... present-not-
using... (TO BART) This is a great
invention! Watch.

He grabs Bart's transistor radio and the microphone and leaves.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Homer sings to Lisa while Bart stands by. There is piercing **FEEDBACK** from the speaker. Lisa covers her ears.

HOMER

(SINGING) The legend lives on from
the Chippewa on down/ On the big lake
they call Gitchee Goomee...

LISA

Quit it, Dad!

Santa's Little Helper **HOWLS**.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Marge is cooking. Bart walks in with Homer, who still holds the microphone.

HOMER

Hey good-lookin', we'll be back for
some dinner later!

MARGE

What did you say? I can't understand
you through all that distortion.

HOMER

All right, all right. Don't panic.
We'll just call the customer service
hotline.

We see the back of the box reads "Customer Service Hotline
KL5-3719." Homer goes to the phone and dials.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

We see a phone booth. The phone inside **RINGS** a couple of
times. A scruffy type **HITCHHIKER** answers the phone.

HITCHHIKER

Hello?

INTERCUT

HOMER

Is this Klondike 5-3719?

HITCHHIKER

(LOOKING AT PHONE) Uh-huh.

HOMER

Well, my microphone doesn't work.

HITCHHIKER

Times are tough, man. (RUBBING NECK)
I just fell off the back of a pickup
truck.

Homer sadly hangs up and **SIGHS**. He drops the microphone and walks out sadly. There is a "PROPERTY OF BART SIMPSON" label on his butt. Marge looks worried.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Bart, lying on his bed, throws Martin's cap like a frisbee into his closet. Marge enters carrying the microphone and sits down next to him.

MARGE

You know, Bart, I don't think this is
such a bad present. Maybe you just
shouldn't talk into it as loud as
your father does.

She puts down the radio and talks into the microphone.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(INTO MIC) Testing... testing... One,
two, three... Oh, my. Do I sound
like that?

BART

(BRIGHTENING) Hey, it does work!
Thanks, Mom.

MARGE

Why don't you show your father?

She pats Bart's head and leaves. Bart thinks, then grins slyly.

BART

(IMPISHLY) Hmmm.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN

Homer listens to **MUSIC** on the radio, over the following, as he hunts through the freezer. He finds a carton of vanilla-chocolate-strawberry ice cream.

HOMER

Mmmmm. Chocolate.

He opens the carton. The vanilla and strawberry sections are untouched; the chocolate is all gone.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

He finds another carton of vanilla-chocolate-strawberry ice cream.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Mmmmm. Chocolate.

He opens it. Same deal.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT) Marge, we need some more vanilla-chocolate-and-strawberry ice cream.

MARGE (O.S.)

I'll get some at the store tomorrow, Homer.

HOMER

Mmmmm. Chocolate.

Bart peeks in the door, then runs upstairs. Bart's voice comes over the radio.

BART (V.O.)

People of Earth, this is Bartron, commander of the Martian invasion force. Your planet is in our hands. Resistance is useless.

HOMER

Huh?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart is talking into the microphone.

BART

We have captured your president. He
was delicious.

Homer sticks his head in.

HOMER

(STERN) Bart, are you playing with
your microphone?

BART

No, dad.

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

He runs out the door. Bart looks out the window and
CHUCKLES as Homer runs down the street.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MAGGIE'S ROOM - EVENING

Marge is putting Maggie to bed. She takes the pacifier out of Maggie's mouth, hangs it on a little hook, then starts to exit.

BART (V.O.)

(BABY VOICE) Mama! Mama!

Marge runs back to the crib.

MARGE

Oh, Maggie! You talked! Homer, come quick!

BART (V.O.)

(BABY VOICE) Yeah, get your worthless butt in here, Homeboy.

MARGE

Oh, Bart.

Marge pulls a little radio from behind Maggie's pillow. We see Bart **CHUCKLING** at the door, holding his microphone.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - EVENING

Lisa and Janey sit on the bed, looking at Lisa's copy of "Non-threatening Boys" magazine.

LISA

I dreamed I was married to Corey, and we lived on a pony farm...

The CAMERA MOVES DOWN to Bart's microphone, under the bed.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart and Milhouse huddle by the radio as Lisa and Janey's voices come out the speaker.

LISA (V.O.)

...and Corey was always walking
around with his shirt off.

Bart and Milhouse LAUGH.

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - BART'S CLASSROOM

As MRS. KRABAPPEL sits, we hear a **FLATULENT NOISE**. She blushes.

BART

(MOCK HORROR) Mrs. Krabappel! That
was uncalled for!

We see Bart holding his microphone where Mrs. Krabappel can't see it. In the back of the class, other KIDS congratulate Bart.

MILHOUSE

Bravo!

NELSON

Well done, old man.

EXT. KRUSTY BURGER - DRIVE THROUGH LANE - DAY

On the far end of the menu board is a speaker. But on the closer end is a garbage can with a clown's head on top; a hand-lettered sign reads "Place Order Here". Bart's radio is in the clown's mouth. Bart sits at a nearby table with the microphone. A **FAT MAN** in a car is talking to the garbage can.

MAN

...two chili cheese fries and a beef
and bean Krustarito.

BART (V.O.)

That'll be seventeen cents.

MAN

Wow!

BART (V.O.)

Please drive up to the pick-up
window.

The car **PULLS FORWARD** to the backed-up pickup window, where
ANOTHER MAN is yelling at a TEENAGE EMPLOYEE.

ANOTHER MAN

I'm telling you, I did order fries,
you little punk!

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE

All right. Have it your way, dude!

The teenage employee throws a dripping fry basket full of
hot fries on the man. The man **SCREAMS**.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - EVENING

Bart looks out his window and sees ROD and TODD FLANDERS in
their pajamas listening to the radio. Bart speaks into his
microphone, and it cuts off the Christian broadcast where
an organ was **PLAYING**.

BART (V.O.)

(MOCK DEEP VOICE) Rod... Todd...
this is God.

ROD

How did you get on the radio?

BART (V.O.)

(EXPLODING) What do you mean, how did
I get on the radio? I created the
universe! Stupid kids.

TODD

(SCARED) Forgive my brother. We
believe you.

BART (V.O.)

Talk is cheap. Perhaps a test of thy
faith. Walk through the wall. I will
remove it for you...

Rod walks into the wall. He **BANGS** his head.

BART (V.O. CONT'D)

...later.

TODD

What do you want from us?

BART (V.O.)

I got a job for thee. Bring forth
all the cookies from your kitchen and
leave them in the backyard. And don't
turn back to look at 'em or you know
what.

ROD

But those cookies belong to our
parents.

BART (V.O.)

(EXASPERATED SIGH) Look, do you want
a happy God or a vengeful God?

ROD

Happy God.

BART (V.O.)

Then quit flapping your lip and make
with the cookies.

ROD/TODD

Yes, sir.

They run out of the room.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - BACK FIELD - DAY

Bart stands next to an open well. He lowers the radio into the well on some twine.

BART

(WHISTLING)

Bart unexpectedly runs out of twine and the radio **CLATTERS** to the bottom.

BART (CONT'D)

Whoops!

SCHOOL YARD

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE **HUMS** a Scotch air as he waxes his tractor lawn mower, which has his name painted on it. He hears the noise.

WILLIE

Ach! Sounds like trouble at the old well.

BACK AT THE WELL

Bart has disappeared as Willie approaches.

BART (V.O.)

(PHONY VOICE) Help! Help! I fell down the well!

WILLIE

Sit tight, laddie. Willie's on the job!

Willie runs across the street, almost getting hit by a car, hops on his riding mower and **TAKES OFF** down the road. The mower blades cover both lanes of the road. Cars slow down behind him and pull off to the side to avoid him.

WILLIE

(TO CARS) Out of my way! Look out,
you horse's arse!

Bart emerges from the bushes, with his mic, **LAUGHING**
heartily. He stops and waves down the well.

BART

Four days of fun from a birthday
present. A new record!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Homer looks outside while the kids watch TV. There are
parked cars lining the road and people hurrying down the
street. Homer goes to the door with a puzzled **GRUNT**.

HOMER

Hey, what's up?

JASPER

Some fool kid fell down a well.

Bart's face lights up.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) Yes!

EXT. WELL - A LITTLE LATER

A CROWD, including POLICE, Principal Skinner and reporter
DAVE SHUTTON, has gathered. One officer drops an apple down
the well. Police cars and an ambulance are parked nearby.
Bart hides in the bushes.

BART (V.O.)

My name is Horatio Pasquale. I am ten
of your American years old.

SHUTTON

Where are your parents?

BART (V.O.)

Uh... I have no family. I tried to enroll in school, but your Principal Skinner turned me away because of my creed.

SKINNER

He's a liar!

BART (V.O.)

Principal Skinner spit on me! He kicked my dog!

CROWD

(TO SKINNER) Booooooooo!

The CROWD advances menacingly on Skinner. PAN OVER to KENT BROCKMAN doing a remote.

KENT BROCKMAN

The well is too narrow to lower down any would-be rescuers, and since Horatio's foot is trapped under a rock, any attempt to pull him up would snap him like a twig.

Kent **SNAPS** a twig for emphasis.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

In desperation, the mayor is considering more unorthodox solutions.

MONTAGE

We see QUICK CUTS of the following people explaining their plans to the mayor.

- 1) The man holds up a falcon on his gloved hand.

FALCON MAN

Grasping the child firmly in his
talons, Socrates here will fly him to
safety! Just watch!

Falcon Man releases a leather strap, letting the falcon fly
free into the night. He waits a beat. Nothing.

FALCON MAN (CONT'D)

I don't think he's coming back.

- 2) PROFESSOR FRINK stands by a frosted tank with a hose.

PROFESSOR FRINK

The liquid nitrogen will freeze the
boy so that future generations can
rescue him.

- 3) A ROBERT SHAW-TYPE SAILOR holds a fish hook and candy
bar.

SAILOR

With this hook and this hunk of
chocolate, I'll land your boy. And
I'll clean him for free.

- 4) An elaborate circus wagon **PULLS UP**, playing **CALLIOPE
MUSIC**. The DAPPER PROFESSOR steps out, doffs his top hat
and bows deeply.

PROFESSOR BEAUREGARD

Professor Cornelius V. Beauregard,
Rainmaker to the Crowned Heads of
Europe, at your service!

WIGGUM

Rainmaker?

QUIMBY

But, wouldn't rain drown the boy?

PROFESSOR BEAUREGARD

(THINKS) Actually, I guess rain would
be the last thing you'd want.

The professor sadly gets into his circus wagon and **DRIVES AWAY**. He passes a circus wagon **PLAYING** "The Stars and Stripes Forever", marked "Pierpont C. Vanderbilt, Rainmaker". He calls to the OTHER DRIVER.

PROFESSOR BEAUREGARD (CONT'D)

Forget it, they're not biting.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The family is watching the eleven o'clock news. A SPORTSCASTER, who looks like KNBC's FRED ROGGIN, narrates football highlights.

SPORTSCASTER

The Springfield Backstabbers
dedicated tonight's game to the
heroic trapped boy...

We see the SPRINGFIELD BACKSTABBERS, who have wells on their helmets.

SPORTSCASTER (CONT'D)

... and although they lost 27-3,
Shelbyville forfeited the game in
honor of Horatio.

The CROWD stands and **CHEERS** while the scoreboard flashes "SHELBYVILLE FORFEITS" and shoots off **FIREWORKS**. The fans tear down the goalposts.

KENT BROCKMAN

And finally, Krusty the Clown has gathered members of the entertainment community -- who normally steer clear of fashionable causes -- for a video called "We're Sending Our Love Down The Well."

The video, shot at the recording studio, shows a collection of SPRINGFIELD CELEBRITIES, including the CHANNEL SIX EYEWITNESS NEWS TEAM. They sway back and forth with arms over each other's shoulders as they sing:

CHOIR

(SINGING) We're sending our love
down the well!

The CLIP CUTS AWAY to an interview with Krusty.

KRUSTY

I saw that terrible story on the news and I knew I had to do something. So I called my friend Bruce Springsteen. He said, "Krusty, when do you need me?" I said Thursday -- he said, "I'm busy Thursday" -- well, anyway, he came, he sang, we hugged, I hit him with a pie, he took a swing at me and accidentally hit Sideshow Mel. It was a magic moment.

CUT TO:

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN in a different recording studio. Krusty sits near by.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

I used to open for Krusty in '72. In fact, he fired me as I recall.

KRUSTY

(LAUGHS WEAKLY)

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

But this isn't about show business. This is about some kid down a hole, or something, and we've all got to do what we can.

In a clip we see Bruce Springsteen sing.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

(SINGING) There's a hole in my heart
/ As deep as a well / For that poor
little boy / Who's stuck half-way to
hell.

Sideshow Mel sings with a Jim Nabors-like voice.

MEL

(SINGING) Though we can't get him
out / We'll do the next best thing.

MC BAIN

(CUPPING HAND OVER EAR, SINGING)
We'll go on TV and sing, sing, sing.

CHOIR

(SINGING) We're sending our love
down the well! / We're sending our
love down the well!

Back in the studio, Kent talks to Krusty.

KENT BROCKMAN

What are your plans for the
royalties?

KRUSTY

Well, I've gotta pay for promotion,
shipping, distribution... you know,
those limos out back aren't free...
Whatever's left, we throw down the
well.

ON HOMER

HOMER

That Horatio is a real hero.

LISA

How do you mean, dad?

HOMER

Well, he fell down a well... and
can't get out...

LISA

How does that make him a hero?

HOMER

Well, it's more than you did!

EXT. WELL - NIGHT

It is now a thriving business community. SECURITY MEN are
charging \$2 admission. Behind the CROWD are FOOD VENDORS,
SOUVENIR PEDDLERS and a small carnival.

SOUVENIR HAWKER

Authentic Horatio Pasquale baby

teeth! Six dollars a bag!

ANOTHER HAWKER sells t-shirts reading "I Survived Horatio Pasquale Getting Trapped In A Well."

Around the well itself, the CROWD -- many of whom wear well hats -- is six deep. BERNARD, the bouncer, waves a flashlight, moving people along.

BERNARD

Step to the rear... plenty of room in
the back.

The people listen intently to the loudspeaker.

BART (V.O.)

(AS HORATIO) I am going to sleep now.
Will Principal Skinner read me a
story?

SKINNER

Well, I'm afraid I have a faculty
meeting in the morning --

Mayor Quimby **CLAPS** his hand heavily on Skinner's shoulder and points to a chair. He jerks his head at a MOTORCYCLE PATROLMAN.

QUIMBY

Get our fine Principal a book.

The patrolman roars off, **SIREN** wailing. Bart re-joins the family.

BART

Let's go. That kid won't be talking
any more tonight.

LISA

(SUSPICIOUS) What makes you so sure?

BART

(SLY) Let's just say Horatio and I
are on the same wavelength.

Bart winks to camera a la Clark Kent.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Lisa is watching an Itchy and Scratchy cartoon.

ON TV

TITLE CARD: "CAT SPLAT FEVER"

SCRATCHY walks into his and ITCHY'S bedroom. On the bed labeled "Itchy" he finds a note reading "Goodbye, cruel world". Out the window, Scratchy sees Itchy jump down a well in the back yard. He reacts in horror, runs out the door, and jumps down the well. As he falls, Itchy, standing on an outcropping of the wall, waves to him. Scratchy frantically tries to stop his fall, but lands in the jaws of an alligator, who **CHEWS** him lustily. Scratchy's **HARP-PLAYING CAT ANGEL** floats up to the top of the well. Itchy **SHOOTS HIM** once, execution style. The angel **FALLS** to the bottom of the well. The end.

A title card appears, reading "Dedicated to Horatio Pasquale" beneath a yellow ribbon.

LISA

(CHUCKLES, THEN) Awww.

BART (V.O.)

Drop it, boy! C'mere! Drop it!

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER runs by with Bart's microphone in his mouth. He shakes his head, **BARKS** and **GROWLS**. Bart runs after him. A second later, on TV, a title card appears reading "We'll Be Back," with Itchy embedding an axe in Scratchy's back.

The TV cuts away to Kent Brockman and MARVIN MONROE sitting in a booth above the well.

STATION ANNOUNCER

This is a special report from Channel
Six news.

KENT BROCKMAN

Disturbing news from the old town
well, where young Horatio Pasquale
has apparently taken a turn for the
worse.

OFFICIALS hunch over the well. They hear **BARKS** and **GROWLS**
from below.

MONROE

It's very simple, Kent. The child is
reverting to a feral, or wolf-like,
state.

The TV shows an "Artist's Conception" of a child wolfman.
Lisa's jaw drops.

LISA

(WHISPERS) Bart!

She runs up the stairs.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa arrives in time to see Bart wrestle the microphone
away from the dog. He speaks into it using his Horatio
voice.

BART

(CLEARS THROAT) I was imitating the
wolves of the old country. It makes
me less lonely. (SEES LISA) But now I
grow tired. (SNORES TWICE)

Bart **SWITCHES OFF** the microphone and hides it behind his
back. Lisa points an accusing finger.

LISA

People are going to be very mad when they find out you've been toying with their sympathies.

BART

Oh yeah? How're they gonna find out?

LISA

The police will catch you sooner or later.

BART

The police. (SNORTS) They couldn't catch a cold.

LISA

They'll trace the radio.

BART

I filed off the serial number.

LISA

They'll dust it for fingerprints.

BART

I wiped it clean, and I lowered it with a brand of rope they sell in every convenience store from here to Dubuque.

LISA

(SIGHS) You have a bright future in crime, Bart.

BART

(LAUGHS)

LISA

I can remember when you'd have been
stupid enough to leave a "Property of
Bart Simpson" sticker on it.

Bart's eyes pop and his jaw drops. WHIP PAN out the window,
down the street and down the well to the radio. There is a
"Property of Bart Simpson" sticker on the back. WHIP PAN
back to Bart. He **SLAPS** his forehead.

BART

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WELL - NIGHT

EDDIE and LOU are standing guard at the well. Everything
else is deserted. They stand behind the police tape which
surrounds the hole.

EDDIE

Want to get a cup of coffee?

LOU

Sure. (POINTING TO WELL) He's not
going anywhere.

They **CHUCKLE** and break the police tape as they exit. Bart
sneaks in from the bushes. He ties a rope on a tree stump
near the well and starts to shimmy down the well. He has a
baseball cap with a flashlight taped on it like a miner's
helmet.

INSIDE THE WELL

Bart's lamp lights the walls as he drops. Big hairy spiders
scurry into the shadows. Bats fly out of a hole. Two
prehistoric-looking creatures battle in herky-jerky
claymation style.

ABOVE THE WELL

Eddie and Lou return drinking coffee and eating donuts.
Eddie stumbles over Bart's rope.

EDDIE

Hey, I almost tripped over this
thing.

He unties the rope. It falls into the well.

INSIDE THE WELL

Bart, amid a shower of stones, plunges toward the bottom of
the well.

BART

(DEATH SCREAM)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. WELL - AT THE BOTTOM

Again we see the rope and Bart fall, **SCREAMING**. This time, though, it is shot from the side, and we can see that Bart only fell about three or four feet. He **GRUNTS** and rubs his butt. He tries to move and finds his foot is wedged under a rock.

BART

(MOANS) What did I do to deserve
this?

EXT. WELL - AT THE TOP

Eddie and Lou shine flashlights down the well.

BART (V.O.)

(SHOUTING) Help! Help! I fell down
the well.

EDDIE

Tell us something we don't know.

The cops **CHUCKLE**.

BART (V.O.)

No! My name is Bart Simpson!

Eddie and Lou look at each other puzzled.

LOU

What are you doing down there?

BART (V.O.)

I was, uh... trying to rescue
Horatio.

EDDIE

Hey, settle a bet for us. What does
he look like?

BART (V.O.)

Gentlemen, I regret to say there's
nothing down here but a child's
radio. I'm afraid we've all been
victims of a master prankster. (BEAT,
THEN NERVOUS) So, aren't you going to
get me outta here?

Eddie and Lou look at each other.

LOU

Kid, I'm afraid there's only one
hope: That you too are a hoax.

Bart looks upset.

EXT. WELL - NEXT DAY

Several PEOPLE have gathered around. Mayor Quimby yells at
Chief Wiggum.

QUIMBY

Put a net over the damn thing,
Wiggum! Or pack 'em in like sardines,
for all I care. I don't have time for
this!

He gets into a limo with a lovely woman.

QUIMBY (CONT'D)

(SUAVE) Say, how would you like to
have a street named after you?

At the well, Marge, very distraught, talks to Bart.

MARGE

Oh, Bart, Bart, my poor baby boy. I
made you your favorite sandwich,
peanut butter and jelly with the
crusts cut off. I'm lowering it down
to you now.

INT. WELL - CONTINUOUS

Bart licks his lips. As Marge lowers the sandwich, it
bangs against the sides of the well, getting dirty. Spiders
land on it; a mole leans out and takes a bite. By the time
it gets to Bart it's black and disgusting.

BART

Eww!

He throws it on the ground. A dozen rats converge on it
and eat it.

EXT. WELL - CONTINUOUS

BART (V.O.)

(WEAKLY) Thanks, Mom.

Homer walks up to the well, his arms filled with Bart's
things.

HOMER

(SOOTHING) Look what I brought for
you, Bart. Your Krusty doll...

He drops it down the well.

INT. WELL - CONTINUOUS

It **HITS** Bart on the head.

BART

Ow! Quit it!

HOMER (V.O.)

Your alarm clock...

He drops it. It hits Bart's head with a **CLANG**.

BART

Ow! Quit it!

HOMER (V.O.)

Your pet rock...

BART

(YELLING) Knock it off, you
mullethead!

EXT. WELL - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

(ANGRY) Hey, don't make me come down
there!

BART (V.O.)

Like to see you fit.

HOMER

Why, you little --

Homer moves to jump down the well, but Eddie and Lou
wrestle him back.

WIGGUM

Put a man on him.

The crowd thins out. Two old ladies leave together.

OLD LADY #1

I liked the other boy. So polite.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WELL - LATER

Bart is curled up with his blanket, pillow and Krusty doll.
Lisa's voice comes over Bart's radio. Bart's face
brightens.

LISA (V.O.)

Bart? Can you hear me, Bart?

BART

(SOFTLY) I can hear you, Lisa.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM

Lisa is in the darkened room with Bart's microphone.

LISA

Bart, I know things are pretty tough
right now. But I hope you realize
you wouldn't be stuck down there if
you hadn't lied in the first place.

INT. WELL

Bart is furiously throwing rocks at the radio, which is out
of reach.

LISA (V.O.)

So often we blame our problems on bad
luck when, in fact...

BART

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

ON TV

Kent Brockman is at the news desk.

KENT BROCKMAN

And today, our stage manager Mike is
retiring after twenty five years.

CLOSE UP on MIKE the stage manager at the coffee urn. He
looks towards the camera then back to the urn.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

(A LITTLE BORED) In other news,
there's still a boy in that well.
And they still can't get him out.
But our Channel Six/Springfield
Shopper poll indicates that you don't
care anymore.

Kent points to a graph with two wells labeled "Care", and
"Don't Care". The "Don't Care" well is much bigger.

MONTAGE

A.) At the well the crowd has dissipated. The carnival is
being dismantled. A GUY goes up to the well and starts to
dump his garbage into the hole. Groundskeeper Willie runs
up to him.

WILLIE

Are you daft man? There's a boy down
there!

GUY

Oh, right. I forgot. (INTO WELL)
Sorry.

We see Bart at the bottom with garbage all over him.

BART

Hey buddy, this is for you!

He throws a half-eaten caramel apple up towards the top of
the well. It falls back down and hits Bart in the head,
sticking there.

B.) At the Quick-E-Mart we see a big sign in the window
that says, "We love you, well boy". Apu replaces the sign
with one that says, "Try our microwave Fajitas".

C.) On an MTV-type music program.

D.J.

(CASEY KASEM VOICE) And our new
number one hit, "Love Till You
Chafe", by Funky C Funky Do, replaces
"We're Sending Our Love Down The
Well", which drops all the way to
number ninety seven.

D.) PULL BACK from the TV. Barney and Moe are watching TV
at Moe's Tavern.

BARNEY

Thank God that well crisis is over.

MOE

It's not over.

BARNEY

Well thank God it doesn't bother me
anymore. (BELCH)

EXT. WELL

Near the well, Dave Shutton sits in the front seat of his
car, typing a story on his laptop computer. The headline
reads "Town to Well Boy: No More Free Food". His car phone
RINGS. He answers it.

SHUTTON

Shutton here. (LISTENS) I'm on my
way!

Shutton starts the car and peels out.

CUT to a spinning newspaper headline: "SQUIRREL RESEMBLING
ABRAHAM LINCOLN FOUND." There is a picture of a squirrel
next to a picture of Lincoln. There is quite a resemblance.

Marge and Lisa stand around the well. Everyone else has
left.

BART (V.O.)

Listen Mom, I want you to tell all those people up there with you that I'm doing fine, and thank them for their support.

Marge turns to Lisa, the only one there.

MARGE

Uh... Bart says...

LISA

I heard him.

In another area, Homer talks to Chief Wiggum.

HOMER

When are you gonna get my son outta there?

WIGGUM

I'm afraid we've got a budget problem, Mr. Simpson. Your boy picked a bad time to fall down a well. Had he done it at the start of the fiscal year, no problemo.

HOMER

Look, this is really important to his mother. Isn't there anything you can do?

WIGGUM

Well, we could dig a tunnel. But we'll need the taxpayers' approval.

HOMER

Hey, who's gonna vote against getting
a little boy out of a well?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - DAY

Mayor Quimby at a podium speaks to a crowd.

QUIMBY

I've taken a lot of heat for my
support of the Tunnel Initiative.
So, I'm flip-flopping. I say, "Let
him stay down there!"

The crowd **CHEERS**.

ON TV

A commercial shows fat, old, corrupt-looking politicians
debating in a smoke-filled room, with piles of money.

POLITICIAN

(SMOOTH) And if we need more tax
money, we'll drop another kid down
the well!

The politicians nod agreement and **LAUGH**. One lights a
cigar with a one hundred dollar bill.

SUPER: "VOTE NO ON THE WELL INITIATIVE"

WIDEN OUT TO

INT. MOE'S TAVERN

Homer, Barney and Moe are watching the TV.

BARNEY

They make a lot of good points.

HOMER

Hey, that's my kid they're talking about!

MOE

Come on, Homer. You're asking every citizen of Springfield to pay three quarters of a cent out of his own pocket.

EXT. WELL - DAY

Reverend Lovejoy approaches the well.

REVEREND LOVEJOY

Good news Bart! Just because you're down that well doesn't mean you have to miss church.

BART (V.O.)

Go away.

REVEREND LOVEJOY

Now, now, Bart, our introductory hymn is number 211 in your missalette...

He throws down a missalette to Bart.

REVEREND LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

..."A Mighty Fortress Is Our God"

INT. WELL

We hear Reverend Lovejoy singing. Bart watches, puzzled, as an empty collection plate is lowered on a rope.

BART

Huh? (REALIZING) Oh.

He tosses in a quarter. It lands with a **CLANG**.

REVEREND LOVEJOY (V.O.)

Bless you, my son.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WELL - EVENING

Homer is at the top calling down to Bart.

HOMER

I've got some bad news, son. Your
tunnel initiative didn't pass.

BART (V.O.)

Oh, man.

HOMER

Don't take it personally. They also
voted against money for new school
books, extending the hours of the zoo
and that new street lamp on
Hillcrest. But the good news is
they legalized cock fighting.

BART

So how am I gonna get outta here?

HOMER

(SADLY) I don't know, son.

INT. WELL

Bart looks very depressed.

BART

Well, I guess it's only fair. I've
done a lot of bad stuff and now I'm
paying the price.

He looks at the radio with the "Property Of Bart Simpson" label on it.

BART (CONT'D)

But there's so many things I'll never
get a chance to do. Smoke a
cigarette, use a fake I.D., take a
joyride in someone else's car...

Bart begins to SOB.

EXT. WELL

At the top Homer hears Bart CRYING. He grows determined.

HOMER

Son, you're going to do all those
things and more!

He picks up a shovel that's lying on the ground and starts to dig. Across the street, Groundskeeper Willie sees him.

WILLIE

I canna watch nae more.

He open up a shed and pulls out a shovel.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

(TO SHOVEL) Agnes, we've got work to
do.

He takes off his shirt, revealing a chest rippling with muscles. He starts digging with Homer. A passing car stops. A MAN gets out and goes over to help.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Marge is watching the news.

ON TV

KENT BROCKMAN

(GRIM) This is Kent Brockman with a
special bulletin. The Lincoln
Squirrel has been assassinated.
We'll stay with the story all night
if we have to.

Marge looks out the window and sees several MEN running by
with shovels.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Marge goes outside.

MARGE

What's going on?

JASPER

It's an old fashioned hole diggin'.

By gar, it's been a while.

MONTAGE

A.) A cutaway view of the earth shows the men's tunnel
winding chaotically, taking wrong turns, but moving in the
general direction of Bart. Inside the earth, undiscovered
by the men, are a perfect dinosaur skeleton, a treasure
chest, and a flying saucer with a dead alien next to it.

B.) Principal Skinner, Moe and Krusty, dirty and sweaty,
join in hammering a spike into a large rock. Apu, standing
nearby, points in horror at the mine canary, lying dead in
his cage.

APU

(GASP) The canary!

WILLIE

Gas! Out of the hole!

The men run **YELLING** out of the tunnel.

C.) The men are gathered around a table, where Dr. Hibbert is examining the canary.

DR. HIBBERT

Gentlemen, this canary died of
natural causes.

WILLIE

Back in the hole!

The men run back into the tunnel.

D.) Burns stands on the back of a pickup truck, handing out shovels. PAN OVER to see a sign reading "Shovels \$45". The men hand their money over to Smithers.

E.) In the tunnel, Willie, Homer, and Bruce Springsteen huddle together over a map.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

If I remember my geometry right, the
kid should be right here.

HOMER

Well then, where is he, Mr. Know-it-
all rock-star? (SCREAMING) Ahhh!!

The floor **COLLAPSES** under Homer. He falls into the well chamber, right next to Bart.

BART

Dad!

HOMER

Son!

Homer **GRUNTS** and lifts the rock off Bart's leg. They hug.

BART

Homer, I was so scared.

HOMER

(SMILING) Don't worry son, they're
gonna make sure no one ever falls
down this well again.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL - SUNSET

Groundskeeper Willie is pounding a sign into the ground next to the well that reads, "CAUTION: WELL". No other measures have been taken. Willie rubs his hands together with a satisfied look and walks off into the sunset.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marge is tucking Bart in.

MARGE

Oh Bart, I bet you're glad to be back
in your own bed.

BART

You're tellin' me.

She hugs Bart and **PEPPERS** him with kisses.

MARGE

Sleep tight, dear.

Marge exits. Bart tries to sleep but writhes around uncomfortably. He climbs out of bed and lies down on the floor in a cramped position with his leg twisted and stuck in a dresser drawer, approximating his position in the well.

BART

(CONTENTED) Ahh.

He smiles and drifts off to sleep.

FADE OUT.

THE END